

*The Comickall Historie of*

Of wilde *Arabia* are as through-fares now,  
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.  
The watrie Kingdome, whose ambitious head  
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre  
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come,  
As ore a brooke, to see faire *Portia*.  
One of these three contains her heavenly Picture.  
Is't like that Lead contains her? 'twere damnation  
To thinke so base a thought; it were too grosse  
To ribb her seared cloth in the obscure grave:  
Or shall I thinke in silver shee's immur'd,  
Being ten times undervalewed to tryde gold.  
O sinfull thought, never so rich a Jew  
Was set in worse then gold. They have in *England*  
A Coyne that beares the figure of an Angell  
Stamp't in Gold, but that's insculpt upon:  
But heere an Angell in a golden Bed  
Lyes all within. Deliver me the Key,  
Here doe I choose, and thrive I as I may.

*Por.* There take it Prince; and if my forme lie there,  
Then I am yours.

*Mor.* O hell! what have we heare, a carrion death,  
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroole?  
He reade the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,  
Often have you heard that told,  
Many a man his life hath sold,  
But my out-side to behold;  
Guilded Timber doe wormes insold:  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbes, in judgement old,  
Your answer had not been inscrol'd.  
Fare yee well, your sute is cold.*

*Mor.* Cold indeed, and labour lost,  
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:  
*Portia* adiew, I have too greev'd a heart,  
To take a tedious leave; thus loosers part.

*Exit.*

*Portia*

*the Merchant*

*Port.* A gentle riddance, draw  
Let all of his complexion choose

*Enter Salarino and*

*Sal.* VVhy man I saw *Bassanio*  
VVith him is *Gratiano* gone alo  
And in their Ship I am sure *Lore*

*Sola.* The villaine Jew with o  
VVho went with him to search

*Sal.* He came too late, the Sh  
But there the Duke was given t  
That in a *Gondylo* were seene tog  
*Lorenso* and his amorous *Iessica*

Besides, *Anthonio* certified the D  
They were not with *Bassanio* in

*Solan.* I never heard a passion  
So strange, outrageous, and so v  
As the dogge Iewe did utter in  
My daughter, o my Ducats, o m  
Fled with a Christian, o my Chr  
Iustice, the Law, my Ducats, an  
A sealed bagge, two sealed bagg  
Of double Ducats, stolne from m  
And Jewels, two stones, two fi  
Stolne by my Daughter: Iustice  
Shee hath the stones upon her, a

*Salar.* Why, all the boyes i  
Crying his Stones, his Daughte

*Solan.* Let good *Anthonio* lo  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Solar.* Marry well rememb  
I reasoned with a Frenchman y  
Who told me, in the narrow S  
The French and English, there  
A Vessell of our Countrey rich  
I thought upon *Anthonio* wher  
And wisht in silence that it we

*Sol.* You were best to tell